

DIOGINES LANTHORNE.



*Athens I seeke for honest men ;
But I shal finde the God knows when.*



Ille search the Citie, where if I can see
One honest man; he shal goe with me.

LONDON

Printed for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be sold at his Shop
in Popes-head Pallace, neere the Royall-
Exchange. 1607.



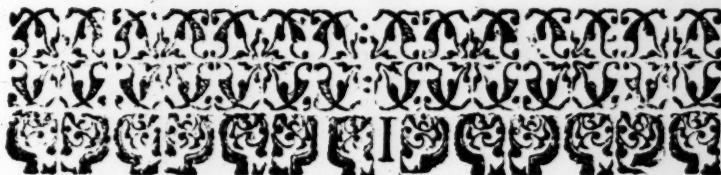


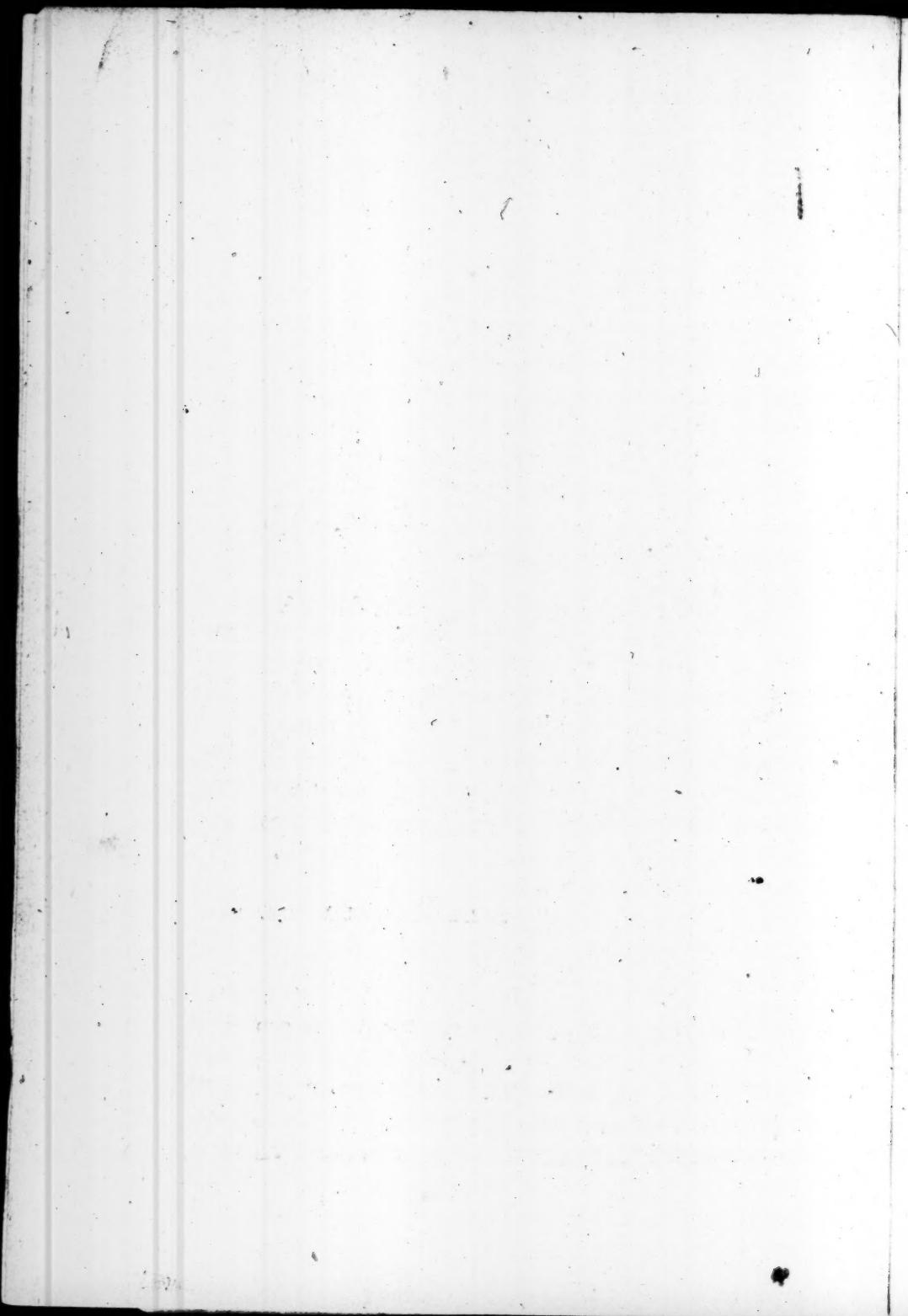
Prologue.

A Nodde dayes worke Diogines oncemade,
And twas to seeke an honest man he said.
Through Athens with a Candle he did goe,
When people sawe no cause he should doe so :
For it was day-light and the Sunne did shine ;
Yet he vnto a humour did incline
To checke Mens manners with some od-crosse iest,
Whereof he was continually possest.
Full of reproofes where he abuses found ;
And bolde to speake his minde, Who euer fround.
He spake as free to Alexanders face,
As if the meanest Plow-man were in place.
Twas not mens persons that he did respect ;
Nor any calling : Vice he durst detect.
Imagine you doe see him walke the streetes,
And every one's a knaue, with whome he meetes.
Note their discriptions; which good censure craues
Then judge if he haue cause to count them knaues.

SAM VELL ROWLANDS.

A 2







DIOGINES In his Lanthorn Humoure.



Ow fye vpon seeking
honest men ta knaues skins,
I am euen as weary as encre
was Platoes Dogge. Not a
Stræte, Lane nor Alley in
Athens but I haue trode it,
and cannot meet a man wox-
thy the giuing god morrowe
so: why what raskalies be
these? haue they banisht honest men out of the Towne
quite? Alas poore Vertue, what haue thou done to de-
serue this contempt? base is thy attire, as thridbare
in thy apparel as my Gowne: thy company out of re-
quest, for thou hast walked so long alone, that thou art
encre walked away with thy selic: ther's no godnes to
desownd. It's set upon viliany. Ponder walkes Bri-
bery taken for an honest substanciall graue Citizen,
y marr is he, præp meke him one of your Common
Counsell.

There goes Crueltye and Extortion, put off your
hatten to him? tis well done, he is one of the principall
and best in the parish, he hath bothe all Offices and ne-
uer did haue a most abominable rich fellowe, but
how the drall came he by his wealth? Widowes, wi-
dowes, lyke or soure olde rustie golde-begetting we-



Diogines Lanthorne.

dowes have crown'd him with their wealths, and that wicked Hammon is dearer unto him then his owne soule: Nay, if he had five thousand soules, he would sell them all for five thousand Dukcats of golde.

Stay, let me see! what's he? Oh this Prodigallitie and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the suburbs of a Barwdie-house for their recreation: yonder rides the Barwde in her Coach before, and they two come leasurely (with the por) behinde, but will all mecte together anone to make worke for the Chirurgio, who will answer their loose bodyes with the squirt.

How Ile assure you though I laugh but aldome, I must nades make merry with yonder Asse: why he is trapt for all the worlde like Alexanders horse, such a Reather in's head, so begardeed, and the very same trot: I haue knowne his Father well, he was a most graue Senator (in regarde of his gray beard) and did much little good in the Cittie, got wealth, and pylde vp goide even as they pylde vp Stockfissh in Island, and now his Sonne (the secound parte of a sole) has all, all: mary what doth he with it? (Stay, let me snuffe my Candle and Ile tell you) even like one of Signieur Scatter-godes Polititians he deuides it into partes: A great portion for Dycing, a god summe for Drunking, a parcell for Whoring, a moytie for pride, a thrid for Dauncing, sir shares and a halfe se; swaggering, and all the remaynet for beggery. Walke along knaue, walke along.

Who haue we next comes creeping with the palsey in his ioynts, a great leather pouch by his side as large as a gammon of Bacon, his long stockins, and a side-coat crosse-bard with velvet to his knees? Stay (light, light) let me see! oh I know the damnd slave, its Monsieur Visury, what a leane lanke thin-gut it is: he looks metuacious like a long empie Cat-s-skin purse, I would

Diogines Lanthorne:

Would I had his skin to make me a Sommer payre of
Wulskins.

O what a blessednes is it to me, that I never came
into such a villaines clutches ! What dor's he pray as
he goes, his chaps walke so fast ? No, no. the rogue is
ruminating vpon his pawnes, he chawes the Cud in
contemplation of Bonds and Willes, I dare be swoyne
he never champes so much vpon his dinner or supper,
for his paunch cryes out on him, and all the guttes in
his pudding-house rumble and grumble at their slen-
der alowance. He obiects the olde prouerb to his belly,
Many a Sacke is tyed vp before it be full, I would
I had the dycting of him some month with my rotes,
I would send him deeper vnder ground then ere they
grew : the Canibal should never feed more vpon poor
men, & play the Dice-maker with thei' bones : hang
him rogue hang him.

How now thou drunken knane, canst not see but
rele vpon me ? I would I had bene ware of thes, thou
shouldst have borne me a god bange with my stakke :
What a slave's this, as I live I was almost downe.

Looke how his cloake hanges, one side to his ankles
and the other side to his elbowe : his steppes take the
longitude and the latitude, hoyse, hoyse : This fellow
is now (in his owne conceit) mightily strong, for he
dares fight with any man: he is exceeding rich, scornes
money, and cares not for twenty thousand pound : he
is marueilous wise, and tut tel not him, for he knowes
more then any man whatseuer. What's he that dares
refuse to pledge him ? as sure as Death if he could fele
or finde his Dagger, stabbes would be dealt : harke
how the villaine sweares, there's all his Yollesse hath
in pawne for his score, yet he's a passing god Custo-
mer for vterance, about a Warrell a day goes downe
his gutter. So take him in there at the red Lattice, he
has call Acker at the blew Acker for this day, fill
him

Diogines Lanthorne.

him of the best, for hee is cuen one of the best guestes
that ever tooke vp sodden water with chalk-scredite
on a post. Out vpon him, out vpon him, Ile reade his
Destinie, dye in a ditch knaue, or end in an Hospitall
Rascall, chuse whether thou wilt.

Howe lookes yonder fellow? what's the matter with
him trow? has a eaten Bul-beese? there's a lofty slave
indeede, hee's in the altitudes: Oh ist you Paister
Ambition? I would be glad to see you hang'd awhile,
for an old acquaintance: A great man with the Em-
peror, ile assure you, a great man with the Emperor:
his voice is heard in the Court now, and his Fathers
voice was wont to be heard in the Cittie: for I haue
heard him many a time and often crye broomes in A-
thens: a good plaine honest man, and belt much with
old shooes: I heard him once tell this proudknaue (be-
ing then a Boy) a good discourse of Justice out of a
Broome: Virra said he, heere's Birch to correcte you
in Child-hood, and when you growe to be a great lub-
ber, heere's a staffe to be-labour you: If that will not
serue to amend you, why then heere's euen a Gallith to
hang you vp: Amen say I, hee's growing towards it
apace: aspiring to rise hie, plotting to be mighty: and
what fooles has a out of the devills shop for this worke?
Treason, Treason, he will ascend by Treason, though
he climbe the Gallowes for it, and cracke his necke in
comming downe againe. If I salute him, and put off
my cap, I would my Lanthorne were in my belly.
Vertue scornes him, I know him not: Strout along
strat, strout along, for thou hast not long to strout it.

More knaues abroad yet? yondres Bosting & Pre-
sumption, I hold my life as old as I am Ile take his
Rapier from him with my walking staff, he is al sound
and bzeath; tongue and talk; feares no man, cares for
no man, beholding to no man: but trie his valour, put
him to it, see what's in him, dare him to the prooife, and
there's

Diogines Lanthorne:

there's mine emptie fellowe like a water bubble flying
in the ayre till a posse cracke him: I never knew (since
I knew reason) a wodie fellowe prove a worthy fel-
lowe: a man must set his hand to his man-bod and fin-
ger it, 'twil not be had with wounds and blod, hart
and mayles, as every rascally knave makes account:
when two Curres mette, all the while they bark they
haye no leyson to bite: Alexander had a bragging
Soldier that swoze he had kild nine hundred men with
fillips, yet this fellowe sware thz peace against a wo-
man that had broken his head with his owne dagger:
and tother day I followed a couple of notorious brag-
garts into the field, one sware he would imbrue his
Kapier hilts in the bowels of his foe, the other bolwed
to make him eate iron and steele like an Estrige: whē
they came to the place appoynted, both drevē their wea-
pons, layd them presently downe, and went to buffets
for a blody nose , which I seeing, ran to the towne and
cry'd murder, murder, & so brought thre hundred peo-
ple togeather to laugh at them, I could tell many like
examples of Signieur feathercap and his fellowe, but
that I spy another knave cominge, that puts me out.
Tis, Contention (nay ile go low enough to the kēnel,
þ shalt not iastle me for the wall) looke how a states
see how a stroynes, he has had a poore man in law
this thre yeare, for bidding his dog Come out cuc-
kolds curre, yet if the dogge could speake he would
beare witnes against his maister for boorne wōke
that he hath seene wrought by his mystris in her chā-
ber to make her hysband night caps of.

þ's strise is the som of his desrees, tis the solace of his
sowle, he is never well at harts ease if he be not
wrangling with one or other: ile try it by law (saves
hee) the law shall judge it: ile come to no agreement
but law, ile pynch him by law, I haue a hundred pound
to spend at law, and all law, law: yet he himselfe

Diogines Lanthorne.

is altogether boord of equitie: he'll neither take wrong nor doe right: bytes his poore neighbour doggedly by the hake, scornes his Superior, tramples vpon his inferior, and so he may be wrangling, cares not with whome it be, to keepe his hand in vse. He never went to bed in charitie in his life, nor never wakes without meditating swewd furnes. Oh he loues wonderfully to be feeding on the bread of strife, and immitates the Camels which delight to drinke in troubled pooles: well he shall toyne no neighbour-hood with me for it: my Tunne stands farre inough off fr^m his house: I had rather haue a Beare to my next neighbour, then such a brabbling rascall, gce walke a knaue in the ho^{use}-faire, I haue nothing to say to the but farwel and be hangd, and when th^t art going that iourney, take all thy fellowes with the.

Well met, or rather ill met Hipocrisie: Ah then smooth face villaine with the fawnting tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? then looke about you plaine fellowes, you shall be sure to want no deceite: he hates swearing, so doe I: tis well done to hate it, but he loues lying, and wi^{ll} over-reach you in a bad bargaine or with false weight and measure: Yes indeed, I truly will he. Hele sigh and say ther's no Conscience nowadayes, and then makes his owne actions beare witnes to it: by yea and nay if he can he will deceiue you.

Looke to his handes, harken not to his tongue, and say I haue given you faire warning, For a Philosopher hath bene counsed by him. I had rather haue it said, Diogines was deceived, then to heare it reported he is a deceiver. I payde for a better Cap then I weare, and my gowne is scarce worth halfe the money it cost me, marry what remedie? nothing: I haue learn'd by it onely A knacke to knowe a Knaue: and while I live ile looke better to Yes truelye, and I indeed: Hipocrisie shall never sell me god w^tdes againe while he liues: He nev^r buye breath more for money

Diogines Lanthorne:

money. If a Theif shoule mete me going home, and take away my pursse, I would say I met with an honest man then hee that couson'd me in the buying of my Gowne, for the Theif would proue a man of his worde, and tell me what I shoule trust to in the peremptory termes of Stand, deliuer your Pursse.

But my Gowne-brother, he promist me good stufte truly, a great peny-worth indeed, and verily did gull me. But let him take leue of my pursse, hee's a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my harte to eat his Liver fry'd with Parsley to morrowe morning for my breakfast.

How now, what's the matter? whether goes all this harly burly? heer's a clutter indeed. Now I see, now I see, Cousnage the Swaggerer is carryed to prisyon: I heare the people say he bath stab'd the Constable, beate the Watch, bjkoke the Capsters head, and lyen with his Hostesse.

Heer's no villaine: pray' search his pockets, I tolde you asmuch: false hart, false hand, and false dire: what crooked tooles are those in's tother pocket? pick locks, pick-lockes: This fellowe liues by his wits, but yet longs not to Wits Common wealth: he sweares he is a gentleman: I bus of what house? marry Cheates Ordinary: an Ingenuis slave that workes a lining out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: euerie man hym is a very rogue and a base gull: He threatens stabs and death, with hart, wounds & blood, yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgion. He scornes to dwel in a suite of apparell a wike: this day in lattin, to morrow in sackes a th: one dayll new, the next day all seam-rent: now on his backe, anon at the bjkokers: & this by his reckning is a gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be so, but I pray' then what humor is the gentlemā in? he is never (in my opinion) like to proue gentlemā by the humor.

Diogines Lanthorne.

A way with him, away with him, make sure worke,
chayne and kennell him vp in Jayle, make him a
knight of the dolorous castell.

He wil do better farr tyed vp, then loose at lyberty, let
him not play the Wandering pilgrim in any case, ther's
no remedy for such wilde fellowes but to tame them
in the dungeon of dackenes: follow him close watch-
men with your halberts, least he shew you a new
daunce call'd ran-awayes galliard. So, so, by this tyme
he lyes wheres hee's like to proue lowrie, if there be not
some speedy remedy v'l'd, with a medecine made of
hempe seede, to kill his ytche.

Who haue we next p'r? I shold knowe him by
his villanous, scotroy looks, a makes a wry mouth, &
has a grinnunge countenance, for all the world like
Detraction, why tis he indeed: a rope stretch him, has
not the crowes peckt out his eyes yet? See how he
laughs to himselfe, at yonder playne gentlewoman in
theold fashon, because she ha's not the trash & trum-
pery of misstris Loosc-legges about her.

Dost thou deride Cyuillitie knaue? is decency become
rediculous? looke vpon thy selfe, thou rascal, looke
vpon thy selfe, whom al the wisenemen in the world may
laugh to scorne indeede.

Thou hast nothinge in thee, (if thy inside were fur-
ned outward) worthy of the least commendation, and
yet such villains wil ever be scoffing (deciding and de-
tracting, from those of the best spirrits and wortbyest
endeavours) learned mens workes, industrious mens
travells, graue mens counsells, famous mens vertues,
and wise mens artes, Detraction wil spit venome at:

Dothing is well done that flowes not from his durtie
Inuention: he has scoffes for them he knowes not, and
testes for those he never saw, what a world's this? when
a foole shall censure a Philosopher? a doulte, an ideote
one that hath wit in's heels & head alike to condemne

and

Diogines Lanthorne.

and depeauie natures miracles for wit and wisdome.

This is he that can mend enerie thing that is ready made to his hand, detracting from the worthines of euerie mans work: tis a villaine, a right villaine bred and boorne, he came not long since along my tub-house and scoffing at mee, asked why I made it not a tap-house? Mary (quoth I) I haue determined so to doe, but I want such a Rogue as thou art, to make mee a signe of: with that a cal'd me Dogge. Said I, thou didst never beare me bark, but thou shalt feele mee bite, and so thrust my pike-staffe through his cheeke, that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a viper as he is.

Now then we shal never haue done: looke where Iealousie is, as yellowe as if hee had the yellow Iaundice: his wife's an honest woman in my conscience, ioyall and true in wedlocke, but because hee like a soynaking rascall vse's common Curtezans, hee thinkes her curtesies and theirs are al alike to euerie man, come who will: his eyes followe her seete wheresoever she goes: if any friend salute her, shee dares not replie, but must passe straiger-like without any shew of curtesie: he sweares shee's a whoze, and himself a large horn'd cuckold, all be to runne butt with all Cuckolds in the towne.

Now hee's growne to such out rage, that he is euen frantick with Iealousie, sometimes offering to lay wagers y^e no Bulldares encounter with his head, and that his hornes are more pretious then any Vnorne: the Haberdasher cannot fit him with a Hat wide enough: the Barber cannot trim his fore head close enough, and yet the pox hath made his beard thin enough: he saies he thinkes there's not an honest woman in Athens to his knowledge, and the reason is, he is familiar with none but whozes. A balde honse is so; his bodily exercise, and hee cannot live without

Diogines Lanthorne.'

his lechery, he bath whores of all complexions, whores of all syzes, and whores of all deseases: and this is the cause that the vilanous fellow deems all to be whores.

But masters make the end of him that hath beeне laide ffeue times of the por: if he be not thoroughly frenched, and well peper'd for his vengerie, then will I for seauen peares eate bay with a horse: wel Ile crossie the way to tothor side the streeete, before hee come too neare me, I dare not indre him, his good sleeping in a sound skinne: I would not be in's coate for Alexander's rich golwe, out stinking knaue out. Hold off thy Cart knaue, wilst ouer runne me? thy horse hath more honestie in him then thou, for he auoides mee, and thou drawest vpon me. So Villaines so, curse the creature that gets thy living, & see how thou wilst thine by it. Thou blinde knaue Dyster, doost rush vpon me with thy basket, and then saist by your leaue? belike thou meant to iustell me again, for thou didst aske no leave the first time before hand, what brutish slaves doe I meeke with? my staffe shall meeke with some of you anon, take thou that knaue, for crying broomes so loud in mine eares, heares a quolle indeed: your cattie Huslings, rumbeling, and tumbeling, is not for my humors. What a filthie throat has that Dyster wifr, I thinke twill echo in my braine-pan this houre. This is the raging streeete of out-cries, ile out walke it with al the speede I can.

Yetherto haue I met with never an honest man, well, ile burne out my Candles end, and then make an end and get me home. So, this is good to begin with-all, had your streeete never a knaue to enconter my first entrance but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen, This is he that sets countries and kingdoms together by the eares, breeds Cittie mutinies, and domestical contentions, Prince against Prince, nation against nation, kindred, neighbour, friend all at variance.

Diogines Lanthorne.

barfence, This is he that calles Peace with her palme tree, idle huswif, and soundes defiance through out the whole w^{or}ld: you are wrong'd (saies he) put not vp such a vile indigneitie, this disgrace no manhood can indure, your valour and reputation is in state of pretubice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it vp, for the whole w^{or}ld takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with Plato, call him prouid fellow, and trample vpon his bed, because it was somewhat han Sommer and better deckt then mine. In all his life time, (and ile assure you tis an old, gray, leane, dyre, rotten bond villaine) did he never shew cheerefull countenance but at the sight of some mischiese: he would rather byte his tong thowzow then bid any man good morrow. So, so, now it workes, hee's got amongst a crew of scolding fishwives, off goes her headittire, haue at tothers throate, los her green w^ast-coat, why now it works like ware.

Chryst in Cut-purse, for theres good pennisworths to be had amongst them, thy trade is like to be quicke by and by, customers come apace, make a privat search without a Constable, ile stay no longer with you, a rope rid you al. Now sir vpō thee sloopenly knaue, whē dieſt thou wash thy face? Heeres Sloath right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at euening becomes his night-cap: his frieze gowne sconce, wherein he intrenches himselfe, is at least thirtie thousand strong: Garter thy hose beast, garter thy hose, or will the por indure no garters?

This fellowe I remember comming to a Fig-tree, beeing so extreme lazie that hee could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laide himselfe downe vpon his backe, and gaping cried:

Sweete

Diogines Lanthorne.

Sweete Figges drop downe in yeelding wife,
For Lazie will not let me rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goes earely to bed,
Up to eate, and downe to sleepe:scornes labour, for hee
is as stiffe loynted as the Elaphant , and rather then
he wold endure halfe an houres labour, hee wold
willingly chuse a whole houres hanging. I know no
vse in the world for him, except to keep the Cittie bread
from moulding, and the townes liquo; from sowing.

This is he, that lying at ease vpon his backe, whens
a cart was to passe, intreated the Cartman to drawe ea-
se ouer him, for he could not rise yet til his lasie fit was
past. this is he that could rather be lowrie then endurc
to haue his shirt wash'd, and had rather goe to bed in
hole and shooes, then loope to pull them off, Hee's fit-
ted with a wife euuen pat of his owne humor, for tother
day beating broth for her Husbands breakfast, the
Cat cride mew in the porridge-pot, wife (said he) take
out poore pusse, alas howe came shee there? with that
she tooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the
porridge from her into the pot, they two went louing-
ly to breakfast with it.

A shame take them both for fitthe companions, for
their broth is abhominable: who ! then we shall never
have done, hecres hellbroke loose, swarming together.
Derision, hee goes before, and scoffes eueris man he
meetes : dost laugh at my Lanthorne knaue , because
I use Candle-light by day? why villaine tis to seeke
such as you'le never be, Honest men.

Violence he walke s with him, heele doe iniurie to
his owne Father if he can, al that he weares on's back
and all that he puts in's belly, is got by oppression,
wzong, and crueltie, he carez not how he get it, so hee
get it, nor from whence he take it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their conours, an Inhu-
mang

Diogines Lanthorne.

mane and vnciuill savadge, if a man shold doe him a thousand god turnes in a day, he wold never givis a thousand god wordes in a yare for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternitie: a raging knave, an unquiet turbulent rogue: hee le allow time for nothing, al's at a minutes warning that he calis for, or hee rage, rapie, curse and swear, that a wise man wold not for ten pound be within ten myles of him.

Who's the other? holde vp thy head knave: Oh tis Dulnes, the most notoriouse block-head that ever pise, Instruce him till your tongue ake, he has no eares for you: theres nothing in him but the Asses vertue, that's dull melancholy: how lumpish a looks? out rascalles out: Now a murraine take you all, I did never make a worse dayes worke in my life then I haue done to day: heere's a Cittie well blest, tis well prouided I warrant you. If a man shold need an honest mans help, where shold he find him? Well farwel Athens, I and my Tabbe scorne thee and thy Cittizens.

Diogines lost labour.

Philosopher, thy labour is in vaine,
Put out thy Candle, get thee home againe,
If company of honest men thou lacke,
They are so scarce, thou must alone goe backe.
But if thou please to take some knaves along,
Give but a hecke, and stoe will flocke and thong.
He that did vmit out his house and land,
Euen with a wincke, will ready come to hand.
And he of whome thou didst ten shillings craue,
As thinking were againe his almes to haue

C

Because

Diogines Lanthorne.

Because he was a prodigall, in waste,
And to vndoe him selfe made wondrous haste.
If thou hast come to stoe him in thy Tunne,
He will be ready both to gce and tunne.

O; those same drunken fiddlers, thou didst finde
A tening wood, when they them-selves were blinde,

Whome thou didst with thy stasse belabour well :
The 'le sing about the Tub where thou dost dwell.

All those that were presented to thy sight,
When thou sought' st honest men by Candle-light,

Make a step backe, they in the Cittie bee,
With many hundreds which thou didst not see.

Houles of rascalles, shops even full of knaves,
Tauerne and Ale-house fill with drunken slaves.

Your Ordinaries and your common-Innes
Are whole-sale ware-houles of common sinnes.

Into a bawdy house thou didst not looke,
Nor any notice of their caperings tooke. (Straps

Bawds with their Puncks, and Padners with their
Whores with their feathers in their velvet caps.

Those Sallamanders that doe bathe in fier,
And make a trade of burning lostis desire.

What doe salute them whome they entertaine,
With A pox take you till we meete againe.

Nor those which daily, Nouices entice,
To lend them money vpon cheating Dice.

And in the Bowling-alleys tooke with betting,
By thre, and four to one, most basely getting.

All these vnsene, appeare not to thy face,
With many a Cut-purse in the market place.

That searches pockets being silver lynde,
If Countersets about men he can finde.

And hath Commission for it so to deale
Under the hang-mans warrant, hand, & seale.

Innume-

Diogines Lanthorne:

Innumerable such I could repeat,
I bat vse the craft of Coney-catch and cheat,
The Citties hermyn, woxse then Kats and Spise,
But leue the actors, to reward of vice :
He that reproves it, shalves a detestation,
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.
Who doe moze wrongs and inturges abide
Then honest men that are best qualiside ?
They that dos offer last abuse to any,
Must be prepared so; enduring many.
Wuthær's the comfort that the Vertuous finde:
Their Hell is firs, their Heaven is behinde.

Diogines Morralls.

A Cocke stood crowing proud,
Att by a river side :
A Goose in water byst at him
And did him much deride :
The Cocke in choler grew,
bowing by him that made him,
That he would fight with that base Goose
Though all his Hennes diss Wade him.
Come but ashore (quoth he)
Whiteluer, if thou dare,
And thou shalt see a bloody day,
Thy throat shall soone be bare.
Base craven (said the Goose)
I scorne to beare the minde
To come ashore, amongst a crewe
Of scaping donghill kinde :
Thy Hennes will backe thee there,
Come hether chaunting slave :

Diogines Lanthorne.

And in the water hand to hand,
A Combat we will have.
Hær's none to interprete,
I challenge thee come hære:
If there be valour in thycombe
Why let it now appere.
Enter thy watry field,
Ile spoyle thy Crowning quide:
Why doth not come? oh now I see
Thou hast no hart to fight.
With that the Cocker replide,
There was no want in him:
But sure the water was so bad,
It would not let him swim.

Morrall.

IT happens always thus
When Cowards doe contend:
With wrangling wordes they doe begin
And with those weapons end.
Nothing but vaunts are vs'd,
Till tryall should be made:
And when they come to action
Each of other are affraide.
Then for to keep skinnes whole,
It is a common vse:
To enter in some drunken league,
Or make a cowards scuse.

A great

Diogines Lanthorne:

A Great assynd met of Mice,
Who with them-selves did take advice
What plot by polcyte to shape,
How they the bloody Cats might scape.
At length, a graue and auncient House
(Belike the wile in the house)
Gave Counsaile (which they all lik'd well)
What eu'ry Cat should weare a Bell :
For so (quoth he) we shall them heare,
And aby the daunger whitch we feare.
If we but heare a Bell to ting
At eatning Chese, or any thfng,
When we are busie with the nippe,
Into a hole we straute may skippe.
This aboue all they lyked best :
But quoth one Mouse unto ther self,
Which of vs all dare be so stoute,
To hang the Belles, Cats neckes about,
If heare be any, let him speake :
When all reply'd, we are too weake.
The stoutest Mouse, and tallest Kat,
Do tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

Morrall.

Thus fares it with the weake,
Whome mighty men doe wrong :
They by complaint may wish redresse,
But none of force so strong
To worke their owne content :
For euery one doth feare,
Where cruelty doth make abode
To come in presence there,

Diogines Lanthorne,

The Owle being weary of the night
Would progressse in the stynne,
To see the little Birds delight,
And what by them was done.
But comming to a stately groue,
Neare with gallant greene,
Where reares proud sea, Summer Troue
Most beauteous to be seene.
He lights no soner on a tree
That hummers lyuerie weares :
But all the little Birds that be
Were flock'd about his eares.
Such wondring and such noyse they kept,
Such chirping, and such peeping :
The Owle soz anger could haue wept,
Had not shame hindred weeping.
At length he made a solemnie vow
And thus vnto them spake :
You haue your time of pleasure now
As Owle of me to make,
At rete morowe light appere
The dawning of the East :
Five hundred of you that are here
I will dispatch at least :
If that I crush you not most rare,
Why then Ioue let me dye :
A Tittimouse I will not spare,
Nor the least Wren doth flye.
And so at night when all was hush,
The Owle with furious minde,
Did search and pze in eu'ry bush
With sight when they were blinde.
They rent their flesh and bones did breake,
Their feathers flew in thy aire :

And

Diogines Lanthorne.

And cruelly with blsyde beake
Whose little creatures teare.
Now am I well reveng'd (quoth he)
For that which you haue done:
And quited all my wrongs by Deone,
Were offred in the Sunne.

Morrall.

GAinst mightie one, the weake of strength
May not them-selues oppose:
For if they doe, twill proue at length,
To wall the weakest goes.
The little shrubs must not contend
Against the taller Trees,
Nor meaner sorte seeke to offend
Their betters in degrees.
For though amongst their owne consorts,
Superiours they deride:
And wrong them much by false reports,
At length Time turns the Tide.
There comes a change, the wils they wrought
In selfe conceit thought good:
May be in the'nd too deerly bought
Euen with the price of blood.

ACobler kept a scurvy Crowe,
A Bird of basest kynde,
And paines insough he did bestowe
To worke her to his m.Inde.
At length he caught her very well
To speake out very lowde:

God

Diogines Lanthorne.

God sauē the King, and troth to tel,
The Cobler then grew prōwde.
She was so god to hop about
Upon his Olde Shōre stall:
But he vnto the Court would strout,
His Bird shoud put dōwne all
Theiř paynted Parrats, So he went
To Cæsar with Iacke-dawe,
And said to him, he did present
Best Bird that ere he sawe.
The Monarch gracious minde did shōw
For Coblers prōze god will:
And made a Courtier of the Crowe,
Wherē he remaind, vntill
He standing in a windowe, spy'd
His fellowes flye along:
And knew the language whicb they cry'd,
Was his owne mother song,
Away goes he the way they wenc,
And altogether flye,
A prōze dead Hōrse to feare and rent
That in a ditch did lye.
Wherē they had Shar'd him to the bone
Not a Crowes mouthful left:
To a Cozne-field they flye each-one
And therē they fall to theft.
This life the Coblers Crows did chuse,
Pich's living out of strawe:
And Courtly dyet did refuse
Euen like a scōlē Dawe.

Morrall.

Diogines Lanthorne.

Morrall

HEE that from basenes doth deriue,
The roote of his discent:
And by preferment chaunce to thriue
The way that Jack-daw went:
Whether in court or common wealth,
In Cittie, or in towne,
How ere he pledge good Fortunes health,
Heele liue and dye a Clowne,
Dawes, will be dawes, though grac'd in court
Crowes will to carrion still,
Like euer vnto like resort,
The bad embrace the ill,
And though euen from a Coblers gall,
He purchase land, what then,
With coblers heele conuerse with-all,
Rather then better men.

THE Lyon in a humour once,
As with his pleasure stod,
Commaunded that on paine of death,
Horne beasts shold voide the wood,
Not any one to tarry there,
That had an armed head,
This was no sooner publish'd forth
But many hundreds fled
The Hart, the Bucke, the Vnicorne,
Ram, Bull, and Goate consent
With hast, post-hast to run away
Their dauggers to preuen.

Diogines Lanthorne.

With this same swew, of horned kinde
That were perplesed so
A beast consorts, vpon whose head,
Only a wren did grow.
The fore met him, and said thou sole,
Whyn whether doest thou run?
Harry (quoth he) to save my life
Hearst thou not what is done?
Horne creatures all haue banishment
And must aside the place,
For they are charg'd vpon their lines,
Even by the Lyons grace.
Trew (said the fore) I know it well
But what is that to the?
Thou hast no horne, thy wen is flesh,
Tis evident to see.
I graunt (quoth he) tis so indeede,
Yet nere thelesse, Ile fly,
For it be taken for a horne
Pray in what case am I?
Sure (said the fore) it's wisselg done
I blame thee not in this,
For many wrongs are dayly wrought,
By taking thinges amisse.

Morrall

Wise-men will ever doubt the worst,
In what they take in hand,
And seeke that free from all suspect,
They may securely stand,
Remouing every least offence,
That may a daunger breed.

For

Diogines Lanthorne.

For when a man is in the pit,
It is to late take heede
If mighty men doe censure wrong,
How shall the weake resist?
It is in vaine contend with him,
That can doe what he list,
The best and most repos'd life,
That any man can finde,
Is this; to keepe his conscience free
From spotted guilty minde.

A Savage creature chaunc'd to come,
Where ciuill people dwelt
Whom they did kindly entayng,
And curteous with him delt.
They fed him with their choycest fare
To make his welcome knowne,
And diuers wayes, their humane loue
Was to the wilde man showne.
At length (the weather being colde)
One of them blew his nayles,
The Savage ask'd why he did so?
And what his fingers ayles?
Marry (quoth he) I make them warme,
That are both colde and numbe,
And so they set them downe to boord,
For supper time was come.
The man that blew his nayles before,
Upon his broth did blow:
Friend, sayes the Savage what meanes this,
I prae thee let me know?
My broth (said he) is ouer hot,
And I doe cole it thus:

Diogines Lanthorne.

Farewell (quoth he) this deede of thine
For euer parteth vs,
Hast thou a breath blowes hot and colde,
Cuen at thy wish and will?
I am not for thy company,
Pray keepe thy supper still
And heate thy hands, and colde thy byeth:
As I haue seene thee doo,
Such double dealers as thy selfe,
I haue no minde unto,
But will retire vnto the woods,
Where I to soze haue bin,
Resolving every double tongue
Hath hollow hart within.

Morrall.

A Heedesfull care wee ought to haue,
When we doe frends elect
The pleaseing gesture and good wordes
Wee are not to respect,
For curteous cariage oftentimes
May haue an ill intent:
And gratioues wordes may gracielesse proue,
Without the harts consent.
Let all auoyde a double tongue
For in it ther's no trust,
And banish such the company,
Of honest men meane iust:
A counterfeits societie
Is neuer free from daunger
And that man liues most happy life,
Can liue to such a straunger.

When

Diogines Lanthorne.

VVhen winters rage, and cruell stormes,
Of every pleasant tree,
Had made the boughs stark naked all,
As bare, as bare might be,
And not a flower left in field,
Nor græne on bush or brier:
But all was rob'd in pitteous plight,
Of Sommers rich attire,
The Grasse-hopper in great distresse,
Unto the Ant did come
And said deare friend I pine for fode,
I prethee give me some.
Thou art not in extremes with me,
I know thy euer care
For winters want, and hard distresse
In Sommer doth prepare,
Know'st thou my care, replyd the Ant?
And doest thou like it well?
Wherfore prouid'st not thou the like?
Pray the Grasse-hopper tell?
Marry (said he) the Sommer time
I pleasantly doe passe,
And sing it out most merrily,
In the delightfull grasse,
I take no care for time to come,
My minde is on my song,
I thinke the glorious sunne-shine dayes
Are everlasting long.
When thou art hordyng vp thy fode,
Against these hungry dayes
Inclined vnto prouidence,
Pleasurs I onely praise:
This is the cause I come to the
To help me with thy care.

Diogines Lanthorne.

Thou art deceiv'd friend said the Ant,
I labour'd not therefore.
I was not for you I did prouide,
With tedious toyle some paynes:
But that my selfe of labours past
Might haue the future gaynes.
Such idle ones must buy their wit,
Tis best when deereely bought:
And note this lesson to your shame,
Whiche by the Ant is taught,
If Sommer be your singing time,
When you doe merry make:
Let Winter be your weeping time,
When you must penance take.

Morrall.

NEglest not time, for pretious Time,
Is not at thy commaund,
But in thy youth and able strength,
Giuе prouidence thy hand.
Repose not trust in others helpe,
For when misfortun's fall,
Thou mayst complaine and pine in want,
But friends will vanish all.
They'le keape reproofes vpon thy head,
And tell thy follies past:
And all thy actes of negligence,
Euen in thy teeth will cast:
Thou might'ſt haue got, thou might'ſt haue gain'd,
And liued like a man:
Thus will they ſpeake filling thy ſoule,
With extreme passion than:

Pre-

Preuent this foolish after wit,
That comes when t'is to late;
And trust not ouermuch to frends,
To helpe thy hard estate.
Make youth the Sommer of thy life,
And therein loyter not:
And thinke the Winter of olde age,
Will spend what Sommer got.

A Lustie begger that was blind,
But very strong of limbe:
Agreed with one was lame of legges,
That he would carry him.
And tother was to guide the way,
(For he had perlesight:)
Upon condition, all they got,
Should still be shar'd at night.
So as they chaunc'd to passe along,
The Cripple that haddeyes,
Sittynge vpon the blind mans backe,
On ground an Oyster spyes.
Stoppe take that Oyster vp (quoth he)
Whiche at thy feete lyes there:
And so he did, and put it in,
The scripp whiche he dis weare.
But going en a little way,
Says cripple, to the blinde:
Give me the Oyster thou tookst vp,
I haue thereto a mynde.
Not so said tother by your leue,
In baine you do intreat it:
For sure I keape it for my selfe,
And doe intend to eate it,

Diogins Lanthorne.

He hane it sir the Cripple swoze,
Who spide it, thou or I?
If that I had not seene, and spoke
Thou wouldest haue passed by.
It is no matter said the blind
Thou know'st it might haue lyen,
Had I not stopt and toke it vp
Therefore it shall be mine.
And so they hotly fell to wordes,
And out in choller brake
With thou lame rogue, and thou blind knaue,
Not caring what they spake.
At length it happen'd one came by
And heard them thus contend,
And did entreat them, both that he,
Might this their discord end.
They yeild, and say it shall be so,
Then be Inquiring all,
Did haire their league, and how about
An Oyster they did brall.
Said he, my maysters let me see
This Oyster makes such strife,
The blindman forthwith gaue it him
Who present dze w his knife,
And ope'ning it, eate by the same,
Giveng them each a lyell
And said good fellowes now be freinds,
I haue your fish, farewell.
The beggers both deluded thus,
At their owne folly smilde,
And said one subtill crafty knaue,
Had two powre fooles beguilde.

Morrall.

Diogines Lanthonē.

Morrall.

VV Hen men for trifles will contend,
And vainly disagree :
That ofte for nothing friend and friend,
At daggers drawing be.
When no discretion there is vi'de,
To qualifie offence :
But reason is by will abus'd,
And anger doth incense.
When some in fury seeke their wish,
And some in mallice swel :
Perhaps some Lawyer takes the Fish,
And leaues his clent shels.
Then when their folly once appeares,
They ouer late complayne :
And wish the wit of fore-gone yeares,
Were now to buy againe.

VV I thin a groue, a gallant groue,
That woxe grēne sommers late,
An Dre, an Asse, an Ape, a Far,
Each other kinde salute.
And lovingly like friends embrace,
And much god manners use :
At length layes th Dre, vnto the Asse,
I pray thē friend what newes ?
The asse look'd sad, and thus reply'd,
No newes at all quoth he :
But I growe ever discontent,
When I doe miste with thē.



The

Diogenes Lanthorne.

The Dre look'd strange, and stepping back,
Quoth he deere neighbour Asse :
Hane I wrong'd thee in all thy life,
Mouthfull of Hay or Grasse?
Assure thy selfe if that I had,
I'would græne me very much:
No kinde beffellow said the Asse,
My meaning is not such.
On Iupiter I dwe complaynes,
It is he wrongs me alone:
In arming thee with those large hornes,
And I pore iuretch have none.
Thou wear st two weapons on thy head,
Whyn body to defend :
Against the stouest dogge that barker,
Thou boldly dar'st contend.
When I have nothing but my skinne,
With two long foolish eares,
And not the basest Goose that lives,
My hate or fury feares.
This makes me sad, and dull, and slow,
And of a heauy pace:
When en'ry scurvy shepheards curr,
Doth bratne me to my face.
Sure quoth the Ape, as thou art grævd,
So I hard dealing finde:
Loke on the Asse, and looke on me,
Pray view vs well behinde.
And thou wylt sweare, I know thou wylt,
Except thy eye-sight fayles:
What Nature lack'd a payre of eyes,
When she made both our tayles.
I wonder what her reason was,
To alter thus our shapes;

Ther's

Diogines Lanthorne.

There's not a Fox, but bath a tayle,
Would serue a dozen Apes.
Yet we thosseest goo bare-arse all,
For each man to deride:
I tell thes brother Ise I blush,
To see mira owns, backe-side.
I must endure a thousand Jests,
A thousand scoffes and scouznes:
Nature deales bad with me for tayle,
And hard with the for hornes.
With this the ground began to stir,
And forth a little hole,
A creeping fourre legg'd creature came,
A thing is call'd a Mole.
Must be my maysters I daue heard,
What faults you two doe finde:
Wout Tayle and Hornes, pray looke on me,
By Nature formed blinde.
You haue no cause thus to complaine,
Of your, and your defect,
Nor vse daime Nature hard with wordes,
If me doe you respect.
The things for which you both complaine,
Are unto me denide:
And that with patience I endure,
And more, am blinde beside.

Morrall.

WE ought complaine, repine and grudge
At our dislike estate:
And decime our selues, (our selues not pleas'd)
To be vnsfortunate.

Diogines Lanthorne.

None marck'd with more extreame then wee,
None plung'd in sorrow so:
When not by thousand parts of want,
Our neighbours grieves we know.
Most men that haue sufficiencie,
To serue for natures neede:
Doe wrong the God of Nature,
And vngratefully proceede.
They looke on others greater giftes,
And eniuiously complaine:
When thousands wanting what they haue,
Contended doe remaine.

Th' Astronomer by night did walke,
(He and his Globe together:)
Vanning great busnes with the starres,
About the next yeares weathur
He did examine all the sky,
For tempests, winds, and raine:
And what diseases were to come,
The plannells told him plaine.
The disposition of the Spiring,
The state of Sommer tide:
The haruest fruit, and Winters ledde,
Most plainly he espide.
He did conferr with Iupiter,
Saturne and all the Scauen:
And grew exceeding busie, with
Twelue houses of the heauen.
But while with staring eyes he lookest,
What newes the starres could tell:
Upon the sodaine downe he comes,
Headlong into a well.

Help

Diogines Lanthorne.

Help helpe, he calls or else I dwyne,
Oh helpe, he still did cry:
Untill it chann'd some passengers,
Came very early by.
And hearing him, did helpe him out,
In a dwon'd monses case:
Then question'd with him how he came,
In that same colde wet place.
Marry (quoth he) I look'd on his,
Not thinking of the ground:
And tumbled in this scuray Well,
Wher I had like bin dwonwd.
Which when they heard and knew his art
They smyng laid, friend straunger?
Whil thou soze, tell thinges are to come,
And knowest not present daunger.
Hast thou an eye for heauen, and
For earth so little wit:
That while thou gazest after starres,
To tumble in a pite
Whil thou tell (looking oze, thy head)
What weather it will be?
And deadly daunger at thy foote,
Thou hast no eyes to see?
We give no credit to thy Art,
Nor doe esteeme the wile:
To tumble headlong in a Well,
With gazing in the skyes.

Morrall

Many with this Astronomer,
Great knowledge will pretend:

Diogines Lanthorne.

Those giftes they haue, their haughty pride,
Will to the skyes commend.
Their lookes must be aspiring,
(For ambition aymes on hye)
Fortun's aduaancements make them dreame,
Of Castels in the sky.
But while bewitching vanity,
Deludes them with renowne :
A sodaine alteration, with
A vengeance pulles them downe.
And then the meanest lort of men,
Whom they doe abieet call:
Will stand in scorne, and point them out,
And censure of their fall.

Great Alexander came to see
My mansion, being a Sun :
And stood directly opposite,
Betwene me, and the Sun.
Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher,
I yeild the time of day:
Harry (said I) then Emperour,
I prethe stand away.
For thou depriest me of that,
Thy powre hath not to gine:
Now all thy mighty fellow kings,
What on earth's force, battellie.
Stand backe I say, and rob me not,
To wrong me in my right :
The Sunne would shine vpon me,
But thou tak'lt away his light.
With this he kept aside from me,
And smiling did entreat;

That

That I would be a Courtier,
For he liked my conceit.
He have thy house brought into my Court,
I like thy bains so well:
A neighbour very neare to me,
I meane to have ther dwell.
If thou bestow that paine (quoth I)
Pray when the worke is don:
Remove thy Court, and carry that,
A god way from my Tun.
I care not for thy neighbour-hoo,
Thy treasure, trash I hold:
I doe esteem my Lanternes houne,
As much as all thy gold.
The costlyest cheare that earth affords,
(Take Sea and Ayre to booke)
I make farr lesss account thereof,
Then of a Carret-roote.
For all the robes vpon thy backe,
So costly, rich, and straunge: (wears
This plaine peare gowne, thou seest me
Thredbare, I will not chaunge.
For all the Pearle and pretius stones,
That is at thy command:
I will not give this little Booke,
That here is in my hand.
For all the cities, countries, townes,
And kingdomes thou hast got:
I will not give this empty Tun,
For I regard them not.
Say if thou wouldest exchange thy crowne
For this same Cap I weare:
Or give thy scepter for my staffe,
I would not do't I swear.

W. 6. 11.

Dyoghes Lanthorne.

Doest see this tubb: I tell thee man,
It is my common wealth:
Doest see yon water: tis the wine?
Doth keape me sound in health.
Doest see these rootes that grow about,
The place of my abode?
These are the dainties whiche I eate,
My back'd, my roste, my sod.
Doest see my simple thre-foote stoole?
It is my chayre of state:
Doest see my poore plaine wooden dish?
It is my siluer plate.
Doest see my Wardrobe? then beholds
This patched seam-rent gowne:
Doest see yon mat and ball-rulhes?
Why th'are my bed of downe.
Thou count'st me poore and beggerly,
Alas god carefull King:
When thou art often sighing sad,
I chearefull sit and sing.
Content dwells not in Pallaces,
And Courts of mighty men:
For if it did, assure thy selfe,
I woulde turne Courtier ther.
No Alexander th'art deceiu'd,
To censure of me so:
That I my swet contented life,
For troubles will forgo:
Of a repos'd life tis I,
Can make a iust report:
That haue moore vertues in my Con,
Then is in all thy Court.
For what yeilds that but vanitie,
Ambition, Envy, pride:

Sp.

Diogines Lanthorne;

Oppression, wronges and cruelty,
Say every thing beside.
These are not for my company,
Ie rather dwelle thus odde:
Who-euer walkes amongst sharp thornes,
Had need to goe well shodde.
On mighty men I cannot sawne,
Let flater ey craunch and creep:
The world is nought, and that man's wisse
Least League with it doth keep.
A Crowne is heauy weareing, King
It makes thy head to ake:
Great Alexander, great accounts
Thy greatness hath to make.
Who seeketh rest, and for the same
Doth to thy Court repayre:
Is wisse like him that in an Egge
Doth seek to finde a Hare.
If thou hadst all the wold thine owne,
That wold would not suffice:
Thou art an Eagle, mighty man,
And Eagles catch no flyes.
I like thee for thy patience well,
Whiche thou doest shewe, to heare me:
Ie teach thee somwhat for thy paynes,
Drawe but a little neare me:
Some honest Proverbs that I have,
Upon thee Ie bestowe:
Thou didst not come so wise to me
As thou art like to gae.

He that performes not what he ought
But doth the same neglect:
Let him be sure not to receiue
The thing he doth expect.

F

When

Diogines Lanthorne.

When oncy the tall and loftye Tree
Vnto the ground doth fall :
Why euery Peasant hath an Axe
To hewe his boughes withall.

He that for vertue merrits well
And yet doth nothing clayme :
A double kinde of recompence
Deserueth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest
And thy companions tell,
I will resolute thee what thou doest,
Whether ill done or well.

He knows enough that knoweth nought
If he can silence keepe :
The Tongue oft makes the Hart to sigh,
The Eyes to wayle and weepe.

He takes the best and choysest course
Of any men doth liue :
That takes good counsel, when his freind
Doth that rich Jewell giue.

Good horse and bad, the Ryder sayes,
Must both of them haue Spurres :
And he is sure to rise with Fleaes
That lyes to sleepe with Curses.

He that more kindnes sheweth thee
Then thou art vs'd vnto,
Eyther already hath deceiu'd
Or shortly meanes to do.

Birds

Diogines Lanthorne:

Birds of a feather and a kinde,
Will still together flocke :
He need be very straight him selfe
That doth the crooked mocke.

I haue obserued diuers times
Of all sortes Olde and Young :
That he which hath the lesser hart
Hath still the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wicked man
Appeering good to th' eye :
May doe thee many thousand wronges
Which thou canst neuer spye.

In present want, deferre not him
Which doth thy help require :
The water that is farre off fetch'd
Quencheth not neyghbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,
Meate, Drincke, and leysure takes,
But he that lackes, must mend his pace,
Neede a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend
Vprightly doth respect,
Must firmly loue his friend profest
With faulte, and his defect.

He that enjoyes a white Horse, and
A fayre and dainty wife :
Must needes finde often cause, by each
Of discontent and strife.

F e

Chuse

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Chuse thy companyons of the good,
Or else converse with none;
Rather then ill accompanied,
Farre better be alone.

Watch ouer wordes, for from the mouth,
There hath much euill sprunge:
Tis better stumble with thy feet,
Then stumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habite, Vertue tis
That doth aduaunce thy fame;
The golden brytle batters not
A Iade that weares the same.

The greatest Joyes that euer were,
At length with sorowe meetes;
Taste Hony with thy fingeres end,
And surfe not on sweetes.

A Lyer can doe more then much,
Worke wonders by his lies;
Turne Mountaynes into Mole-hils
And huge Elephants to Flyes.

Children that are vnfornunate,
Their Parents alwaies prayse;
And attribute all thrifines
Vnto their fore-gone dayes.

When Sicknes enters Healtis strong hold
And Life begins to yeld; A
Mans forte of blissh to party comes,
And Death must winne the field.

Diogines Lanthorne,

The Flatterer before thy face
With smiling lookes will stand:
Presenting Honey in his mouth,
A Razor in his hand.

The truly Noble-minded, loues,
The base and seruile feares;
Who euer tels a foole a tale,
Had need to finde him eares.

To medle much with idle things,
Would vex a wise mans head:
Tis labour, and a weary worke
To make a Dog his bed.

The worst wheel euer of the Cart,
Doth yeild the greatest noyce:
Three women make a Market, for
They haue sufficient voyce.

First leafe all Fooles desire to learn,
With stedfast fixed eyes:
Is this: All other Idiots are,
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathles lyes,
Whome all the Forrest fear'd:
The very Hares, presumptuously
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtest,
Though inconuenience growe:
A wise man will not Seed-time loose
For feare of euery Crowe.

Diogines Lanthorne.

One man can never doe so well
But some man will him blame :
Tis vayne to seeke please euery man,
Ioue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in misery
Do not affliction addes more :
With sorowe to load sorowes backe,
Is most extreamly badde.

Showe me good fruit on euill trees,
Or Rose that growes on Thistle :
Ile vndertake at sight thorof,
To drincke to thee and whistle.

Censure what conscience rests in him,
That sweares he Iustice louts :
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To punish simple Doues.

There's many, that to aske, might haue,
By their oide silence crost :
What charge is speech vnto thy tonge ?
By asking, pra'y whats lost ?

He serues for nothig, that is Iust
And faithfull in his place :
Yet for his dutie well perform'd,
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes him selfe an others slave,
And feares doth vnder-goe :
That vnto one being ignorant,
Doth his owne secrets shew.

On

Diogines Lanthorne.

On Neptune wrongfull he complaynes
That oft hath bene in daunger:
And yet to his devouring waues
Doth not become a straunger.

Age is an honourable thing,
And yet though yeares be so,
For one wise-man with hoary hayres,
Three dozen fooles I knowe.

F F N I S.

